

2

SUPERPROSH

•T*IKE *IKE•



TOIKE OIKE, TOIKE

HURRAY, HURRAY

O/KE, OLLUM TE CHOLLUM TE CHAY... SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, HURRAY,

ALDRED

TOIKE OIKE



Room 105 — mill bldg. — 928-2916
Devoted to the interests of the undergraduates of the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering. Published every now and then by the Engineering Society of the University of Toronto.

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S.P.Q.R.
r. w. dipstick
L.G.M. Bossinova
deggy puncan
punky wunk

Shit mother, the first Toike and already the matty crew is tagged as something. Ronnie drank beer and layed out, Barb only wished, John C's brain had a microman, Annie typed and things and sniffed glue. Are the Jolly Green Giants really orange.

Vic Girls Invade Hart House, the Cow Jumps Over the Moon

TORONTO (U.Y.A.) — A surprise bulletin last night created a flurry of excitement in the 'Toike' staff offices. The three words transmitted over the wire service were simply — S.P.Q.R. is back.

For those of you who do not realize the implication of those three words, let me explain.

S.P.Q.R. was a Toike Oike news reporter for a number of years until he received a message from the big boss ordering him on a top secret assignment.

In small confidential cliques the job was referred to as OPERATION N.C.S.C.

Then suddenly one day S.P.Q.R. disappeared without a trace. The news world was startled at the loss. A quiet calm settled over the Toike office and an ensuing brief period of mediocrity followed.

Rumours occasionally filtered back from the outer confines of The Republic of Universitatis Torontoibus that a white robed leader was leading the lower class to their manifest destiny.

The Toike sent numerous reporters to validate these rumours and all but one disappeared.

Hartley, H. (for Hardly) Heartly, an award winning Toike reporter managed to cross the wild artsman infested Seine Georgeous River and climb to the lower foothills of the mouth of the classical Gulf & the Stream of Urin. However, stalwart as he is, H.H. (for hardly) H. was apprehended by a group of crude and beastly and usually monotonous U.C.I. D.O.N.T. creatures — not to be confused with the G.W.Z. Trinitytes — which tend to inhabit the Urin River and some of its tributaries such as the G.I.R. Phony River.

Nevertheless, H.H. (for

hardly) H. managed to escape after a severe browbeating and onslaught of meaningless invectives.

H.H. (for hardly) H. regained consciousness and returned overland to avoid any further encounters with that genus of being referred to as ARSEMAN. Upon his return, the only intelligible remarks that our brilliant Toike staff could discern from Hard, were: 'I saw the master. S.P.Q.R. is.'

Now we are fortunate enough to be getting S.P.Q.R. back on the Toike Staff. When he returns, he will no doubt have countless tales to relate to us of his trials and tribulations in the land of The ARSEMAN.

SOFT CORE STORAGE

by DAVID FOURNIER

Gregor Mendel, the great computer expert turned to face his colleague as they continued their intellectual intercourse. 'Actually', he said ejectedly, 'the menopause in my checkpoint routine isn't labouring properly as yet.'

'I see', replied his associate, 'you're having a hard problem in your multi-programming environment.'

'Yes. It's almost worn me out rising to the challenge of

(continued on page 3)

ATTENTION ALL ATTRACTIVE GIRLS

YOU TOO LYNN

The opportunity of a life time. How would you like the opportunity to meet 100's of husky, intelligent, handsome, young men? Become a Skule cheerleader. Any who are interested please contact "THE NAK" or leave your name and number and other important data with the secretary in the Engineering Stores.

SPORTOIKE ATTENTION ALL ENGINEERS

This to inform you of the existence of an association which has been organized to represent you in the affairs of athletics at the University of Toronto. The Intramural Program of sports at Toronto is reputed to be one of the best and you can be part of it. We try to provide with the best in equipment and coaching that are available to us. We therefore invite you to break the tensions of studies and participate in the sport of your choice. For those who claim to be unathletic we invite you to take part as a team manager. Benefits in participating;

1. Obtain points toward the SKULE letters. Particulars can be obtained from the association's Constitution which is available in the Engineering stores.

2. Fellowship and keen competition. (Especially after the games up at the "PIG")

3. A free dance at the end of the year for all those who had participated in Intramural Athletics.

For further information concerning try-outs or practices watch the bulletin boards in the Engineering Stores and outside the Faculty Office or contact one of the representatives.

FOOTBALL:

There will be light practices at 5:15 every night for next two weeks. All Engineers who are interested please turn-out for these practices in the back campus.

SOCCER:

There will be a practice tonight at 5:15 in the front campus. All interested Engineers are welcome.

Whatever
Happened To
Lady Godiva -
- Ron Factor

THE PRESIDENT REPORTS

John C. Morris

WELCOME YOU FRESHMAN

Congratulations. Welcome to Canada's oldest and largest engineering organization—the Engineering Society of the University of Toronto.

The Engineering Society, through the Executive Committee, co-ordinate, sponsor, and take the blame (ultimately) for all Engineering activities and adventures. It consists of 30 or so real keeners who spend hours of time planning and discussing SKULE's operations. They are public servants, so to speak, and for the most part work a lot harder than they should.

The Society is financed in part by a fee which is paid by all engineering students, in part by the small profit derived at the Engineering Stores, and in part by other activities encompassing various aspects of campus life and... well, you'll see.

The strength of the Engineering Society lies in the Engineers. An Engineer at Toronto is a rare bird: we are an enthusiastic group—the last one left at the U of T. A great majority of the students of the campus have excused their lethargy by explaining that they are sophisticated and hence detached. But they are so detached they forget to vote in elections. (Engineering is invariably top-of-the-list in blood drives, charity work, election turnouts... you name it!).

The Society sponsors, among other ventures, this news journal, the Lady Godiva Memorial Band, the Engineering Stores, the Liberal Arts Lecture Series, the At-Home, Cannonball... etc., etc. However, we are always looking for ideas and we welcome newcomers with wide open arms. To a freshman, it might appear that there is an inner clique in control of the Eng Soc and this is true. The clique consists of some 100 real maniacs who give more than their share to our "cause", and the desire to give effort is the sole prerequisite of membership.

There are two important ways that all Skulemen can participate in Society affairs. First, when Society "General Meetings" are called: these general meetings are a gathering of all engineers to discuss our common fate. When the first meeting is called—BE THERE!

The second and simpler way of participating is at election times. There is an election coming up soon to fill positions left vacant due to unpredicted resignations (heh-heh) and to fill first year positions. (This is where you can break into Society Executive Affairs). When you hear the announcement of elections, get yourself together and be prepared to vote. Then vote. If we have a less-than-95% turnout among freshmen, you'll all have to do 750 push-ups.

Meanwhile, start right now on a plan of time programming. If you plan to play hard, you'll have to work hard (heh-heh). That's a fact—so accept it and start now. Best of Luck!

John C. Morris
President
Engineering Society

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BRAZIL BOOBS, 69er EATEN

by GRAHAM "CRACKERS" HOWES

The Engineering Society is still in deep shock over the absence of its prize stud and incumbent T*ike *ike editor, Peter Renyi, who at press time was still being detained in the depths of the Brazilian jungle by a sex-starved tribe of Amazons who have just discovered how to turn on, baby.

Renyi was a member of an expedition talent scouting local tribes in the depths of the Rain Forest when he was savagely abducted and carried off to a secret temple. The Amazons, overjoyed, proceeded to employ him in their virginity rites (which, incidentally, will not be held next year).

Brazilian authorities, obviously elated at having found such an easy solution to what threatened to be a problem of proportions, are declining to elaborate, only stating that internal security must be placed above all.

Meanwhile the Engineering Society has broken off diplomatic relations with Brazil and has decided to impose cultural sanctions. In an official release, John Morris, Eng. Soc. President, choked with emotion, announced that no more LGMB records would be distributed in Brazil.

In the jungles, lonely outposts have reported large numbers of dugouts, crewed by women, heading inland. The jungle telegraph has been busy with stories of the great white god who has at last come to the manless tribes.

The negotiator, R. Wayne, has been summoned out of his idyllic retirement to make an exchange with the Amazons. The latter regrettably have refused to consider anything less than four hundred virile, male arts students. Unfortunately, while the Eng. Soc. has secured a good percentage of the quota, the Amazons are refusing to waive their demands concerning minimum proportions of the exchanges.

Despite the severity of the problem, nubile young co-eds have not given up hope and are still lining up outside of the stores clutching folded twenty-dollar bills with wild rabid looks in their eyes.

President John Morris has decided to give the latter his immediate attention.

The secret whereabouts of the darling of the Engineering Society, Peter Renyi, is still a mystery. Clouded reports have been monitored in Rio de Janeiro of a new white king of the Amazons.

SOFT CORE STORAGE

(continued from page 2)

erecting a suitable hardware configuration."

"Well, perhaps you aren't allowing the proper service period between active cycles. The hardware, even when expanded to full capacity does have its limitations you know."

"That's true," Gregor lamented. "My 3-RD generation software has little bugs in it and that may be the reason. Perhaps if I adopted a critical-path approach and timed my input-output routines more carefully, I could get better throughput. Let's see now ... Utilizing the fact that with a fast processor, a 1 by 1 — multiplication occurs every 9 picoseconds (23 microseconds)."

Perhaps", interjected his associate, "A more experienced operator on the second shift would allow for better time-sharing efficiency."

"My dog yes! You always were good at organizing weren't you Dick."

"Well Gregor, all it takes is thorough knowledge of the subject from all angles and the handy skill of geometrically reducing the software package into a horizontal linear program."

"Perhaps that's why my time-sharing system has those bugs in it. Everytime I get a BYTE of the software

it seems to turn my 1-0 hardware off-line."

"Try using a M.I.T.—This greatly reduced the operators headaches and your software won't be such a pain either."

Tiddlywinks, Eh!

The Engineering tiddlywinks team is well known all over the campus for their world-shattering, record-breaking, 67 hour non-stop, non sleep tiddlywink marathon held at a shopping plaza last January. Because of their fantastic achievement last year the Engineer's team has been invited to represent the University of Toronto at the North American Championships October 27-29 at the University of Waterloo. The team will be playing with other groups from U.C.L.A., M.I.T., Harvard, Cornell, etc. (ivy league, eh). There is only one hitch. 8 players of the highest calibre must be chosen to participate at Waterloo for the North American Championship. This is for real! If the Engineering team is successful they will advance to the world championship in London against Oxford later on next year. Leave your name and qualifications at the Engineering Stores in an envelope addressed to 'Balex' as soon as possible. Don't be shy!! We need every winker.

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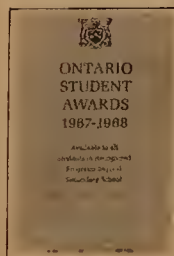
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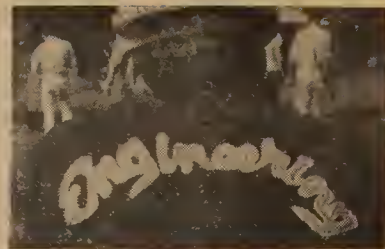
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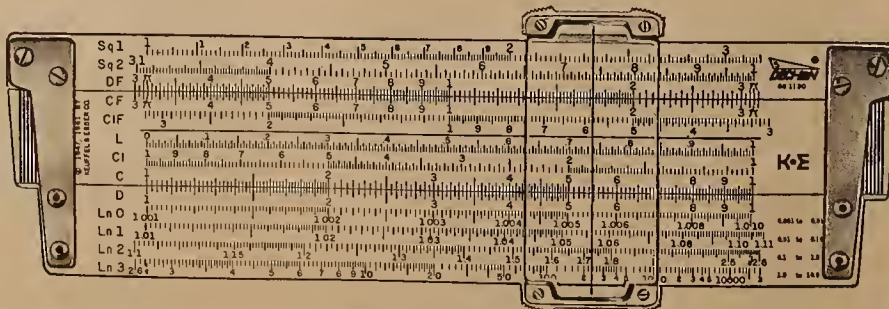
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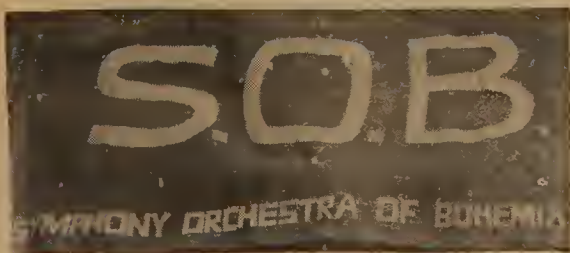
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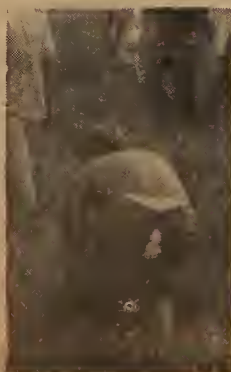
them heartily, allowing them the fun of digging a

tiny four foot trench, cutting

a bit of firewood, and

generally

making them feel wanted.



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THE ASSOCIATION OF PROFESSIONAL ENGINEERS
OF THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO

L.E. JONES, P. Eng.
Recording Secretary
(Department of Mechanical Engineering)

R. Ted Traps a Mudsmunny

BY POO BEAR

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Ted McKenzie, nth vice president as
John Morris, president as
A Horrible Mudsmunny as

R. Ted
R. John
Itself

One fine day R. Ted and R. John and I were all sitting in Simcoe Hall waiting for the next Caput meeting. Excitedly I gulped the mouthful of R. John's sandwich that I was eating and whispered carefully, "Would anyone like to trade a ham and mustard for a lobster and peanut butter?"

Nobody seemed terribly interested so I said "I saw a Mudsmunny today, R. Ted."

"What was it doing?" asked R. Ted.

"Nothing really," said I. "They don't usually and it didn't see me. They are really very stupid, you know."

"Yes, I saw one once," said he. "At least I think I did. Only perhaps it wasn't."

"So did I," said R. John, wondering what a Mudsmunny was.

Then we all talked about something else until after the Caput meeting. As we skipped home hand-in-hand through the steam tunnels, I could tell R. Ted was up to something but I had already made a dinner date with Dr. Bissel's secretary for the Arbour Room at six, so I parted company at the Hart House manhole.

Approaching the Margaret Addison Secret exit, R. Ted looked about anxiously as if to ensure that he and R. John were alone. He turned quickly to R. John and whis-

pered in an excited voice "R. John, I have decided something."

R. John gulped and said "What is it that you have decided, R. Ted?"

"I have decided to catch a Mudsmunny", said R. Ted. "We shall do it by means of a Trap."

"We?", said R. John.

"Yes", said R. Ted. "Since it must be a Cunning Trap. I must help you."

"Oh", said R. John.

"We shall dig a Very Deep Pit and then the Mudsmunny will come along and fall into the pit and..."

"Why?", said R. John.

"Why would the Mudsmunny fall in?"

R. Ted rubbed his nose for a minute and said that the Mudsmunny would be walking along looking up at the sky wondering if it would rain so he wouldn't see the Very Deep Pit until he was halfway down and then it would be too late.

R. John said it was a very good Trap but suppose it were already raining?

R. Ted rubbed his nose again and said he hadn't thought of that. But then he decided that if it were already raining the Mudsmunny would be looking at the sky wondering if it would clear up so he wouldn't see the Very Deep Pit until he was halfway down and then it would be too late.

Now that this point had been explained, R. John thought it was indeed a Cunning Trap. "But where shall we dig the Very Deep Pit?"

R. Ted thought for a moment and then said the best place would be where a Mudsmunny was just before he fell into it only about a foot further on.

R. John thought this was an exceptionally clever idea, for R. Ted, except that the Mudsmunny might look down the Very Deep Pit and Suspect.

"Then suppose", said R. Ted, "you were trying to trap me. What would you do?"

"Well", said R. John, "first I would borrow my buddie's apartment, and then I would put a magnum of champagne in the fridge, and a Potsie in the shower, and two steaks on the grill, and four slippers under the bed and then I would give you the key to the apartment."

"Yummy", said R. Ted, "Perhaps we should practice with me first."

"No, I don't think that would be a very good idea", said R. John. "Besides, Mudsmunnies are animals of Very Little Brain and we should keep the plan simple so they will understand better."

"Oh all right", said R. Ted reluctantly.

"The first thing to think of", said R. John, "is what do Mudsmunnies like? I should think Yo-Yo's, shouldn't you? We'll get a lot of... oh hell, wake up, R. Ted!"

R. Ted, who had sailed away into a happy dream of champagne and slippers and Potsies woke up with a start and said disgustedly "She burned the steak!" Dejectedly, he sat down on the wet concrete floor and said "Besides, everybody knows... even third year general arts students... that Kazoos are much more trappy things than Yo-Yo's."

R. John didn't think so and they were just going to argue about it when R. John remembered it was His Yo-Yo and it was R. Ted's Kazoo so he said "All right, Kazoo's" just as R. Ted remembered it was His Kazoo and R. John's Yo-Yo and said "All right, Yo-Yo's" so they compromised on a Harvey-burger.

Late that night they both dressed in their BFC Special Forces uniforms and stole stealthily onto front campus. They dug and dug and dug. R. John dug with his bulldozer and his jackhammer and his excavator and his drag-line. R. Ted dug with his pail and his shovel and his hands and feet but R. John broke his sand castle so R. Ted went home and R. John dug on with his steam shovel and his crawler and his front end loader. He dug and dug and dug until the Very Deep Pit was big enough to hold the entire Blue and white Band while marching in three directions. (ed. note: as usual)

Some hours later, as the night began to fade away R. Ted woke up with a sinking feeling. He had had the feeling before and knew what it meant. He had left the bathtub tap running. He leapt out of bed instantly and turned it off and tried to go back to sleep but his pyjamas were all wet. He tried counting Mudsmunnies but every Mudsmunny he counted was eating his Harvey-burger. For some minutes he lay there miserably but after the sixty-ninth Mudsmunny had slurped all over his pink pillow case, R. Ted could bear it no longer. He jumped out of bed again and ran madly out of the house and down the Gardiner Expressway as fast as his bare little feet would carry him and he ran all the way to the Front Campus.

The grass was cool and moist as he ran toward the Very Deep Pit. Suddenly he stopped. What if he really HAD trapped a Mudsmunny? What was a Mudsmunny really like? Was it fierce?

"Oh spit!" he said, and he wanted to run home. But then he looked down at the proud, courageous Engineering jacket he was wearing over his pyjamas and felt ashamed. He remembered

(continued on page 7)

R. TED TRAPS A. MUDSMUNNY

(continued from page 6)

its tradition and heritage: The Great Subway Caper, the Trinity Cake Fight, the U.C. Incident . . . "Toike Oi-ke!" he yelled, and charged toward the Clever Trap.

Suddenly, the early morning was shattered by a tumultuous blast such as poor R. Ted has never heard. It roared and screeched and whistled and thundered and the ground shook.

"Help help!" cried R. Ted. "A Mudsmunny, a Horrible Mudsmunny!" And he scampered off as hard as he could, still crying out "Help help, a Horrible Mudsmunny! Hoff hoff, a Hollable Mudswumpy!"

R. John, who was happily sitting under an elm tree, eating the Harveyburger and listening to the Blue and White Band practice, laughed and laughed and laughed.

MY SUCCESS STORY J. J. STENCHIE

I dropped out of school when I was sixteen. Grade two had become a grind after five years, and I felt deep in my gut it had nothing else to offer me. So I took a job as a truck loader. I became very specialized, loading cartons of pop bottles. I found myself the best pop-bottle-carton-loader on the job and my fame spread right around the block. I had everything I could possibly want — a room in the neighbourhood house, a silver-studded black leather jacket, Wellington boots, a switchblade, and a silver cap on my front tooth.

Then one night it happened. A broad came up to me on my street-corner, where I hung out every night. She

dazzled me with her mauve hair reaching up to the sky, her bright red sweater outlining all there was to outline, her black mascara running down the sexy pockmarks on her face, the black shimmering hair streaming out of her left nostril. She spoke to me in a deep, caressing voice.

"Got any money?"

I looked deep into her wattering eyes and was lost.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" I said. I saw her that night and I was in heaven. Her name was music to my ears — "Zelda".

But her price was high and after an exhausting, hectic night, I had to hook my jacket, boots and silver tooth. The next day I sold my switch blade. Zelda left me, disgusted with the gaping hole in my mouth, the grimy undershirt uncovered when I sold my jacket, and my empty pockets. Even my landlady threw me out, without even allowing me one long, last, melancholy look. My boss set his wife at me. I was in The Gutter! There was nothing left. I wrote home and the letter came back unopened, but slit upon. As I lay in the gutter at nights, even the rats refused to bite me.

I wandered around from one hole to the next. There was nowhere to go. No where at all! Then one night I fell asleep in yet another sewage ditch and woke up beside the Mining Bldg.

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BANKRUPTCY

TIRED OF ALL THOSE FIRE-FLOOD-BANKRUPTCY SALES?

SICK OF HEARING ALL THOSE TREMENDOUS

BARGAINS THAT COME ONLY AFTER DISASTERS?

CAN'T STAND ANY MORE ADVERTISED SPECIALS?

STOP!

DON'T READ ANY FURTHER!

**NO WE DON'T WANT YOU TO COME TO THE ENGINEERING STORES,
MILL BUILDING**

8:45 - 4:30, MONDAY TO FRIDAY

(928-2917 FOR SPECIAL ORDERS, PLEASE)

THAT'S RIGHT! WE DON'T EXPECT YOU TO COME IN AND BUY:

YELLOW SCRATCH PADS
(for itchy paper)
Regularly 25c — Now 18c

GREEN-REFILLS, 7 HOLE 100 SHEETS
Drastically Low at 10c 2/15c

BIG-VALUE REFILLS, 200 SHEETS
8½ x 11 - 3 Hole Punch Lined
Was 89c. Is now 75c

LECTURE PADS - 100 SHEETS
Wide and Narrow Ruled - A mere 35c

*WE DON'T WANT YOU TO COME IN AND BUY THESE GOODIES...
THEY LOOK BETTER ON THE SHELF. NOR DO WE EXPECT YOU TO BUY:*

FILE FOLDERS - Were 10 for 49c
Are Now only 10 for 35c

QUAD-RULED PADS ONLY 40c

BIG PENS - ALL COLOURS - ALL POINTS
25c Pens are 22c
19c Pens are 15c

REDI-LINE REFILLS - WERE 50c
NOW ONLY 35c

WIRE-BOUND NOTE BOOKS
3 for \$1.00 (Cheap)

PARKER JOTTER PENS - Regularly \$1.98
Now only \$1.65

*BUT YOU WEAK-WILLED SHEEP, DON'T READ ON...
REMEMBER YOUR POCKETBOOK!*

ANNOUNCING

A NEW DIMENSION IN PHOTOCOPYING SERVICES (THE FIFTH)! STARTING 4 DAYS AGO, YOU COULD HAVE GOTTEN ANY COPY FOR 5c — LEGAL OR LETTER SIZE OR ILLEGAL. BUT YOU STILL CAN. AS A MATTER OF FACT, YOU CAN MAKE COPIES ALL YEAR AT OUR NEW, LOW PRICE OF 5c. BUT THE OLD EXCELLENT QUALITY AND SERVICE ARE STILL THERE.

PARKER ARROW FOUNTAIN PENS ON SALE
Everywhere else at \$2.95
Here Only \$2.40

ESTERBROOK PENS - ONLY 48c
(Nibs not included)
Regular Prices are over \$2.00

ALL PARKER INKS AND REFILLS ARE
10% OFF NORMAL PRICES

SCRIPTO TILT-TIP PENS — WERE \$1.98
Are now \$1.52 (While they last —
offer that we give 'em away)

**FIGHT POVERTY! at
THE ENGINEERING STORES, MILL BUILDING**